1:Radin E-5 (1908-1913) 1923
NP12 Winnebago NP12

PREFACE

The information included in this volume was obtained during the years 1908–1913 while employed by the Bureau of American Ethnology and on private expeditions. In all cases wherever it was possible the author tried to obtain his information in Winnebago, although the English version is printed here. Owing to the fact that the Winnebago have for some time been accustomed to the use of a syllabic alphabet borrowed from the Sauk and Fox, it was a comparatively easy task to induce them to write down their mythology and, at times, their ceremonies, and then have an interpreter translate them. As the author has a fair command of Winnebago grammar, he was able to control these translations and thus insure their approximate accuracy. On account of the importance of having as accurate a record of the ceremonies as possible, those few ceremonies that were obtained in syllabic text were subsequently taken down in phonetic text.

It has been the aim of the author to separate as definitely as possible his own comments from the actual data obtained, and for that reason every chapter, with the exception of those on history, archeology, and material culture, is divided into two parts, a discussion of the data and the data itself.

Certain subjects, such as mythology, art, and music, have been entirely omitted. In order to discuss the second a comparative study of woodland art and design would have been necessary, which would have entailed a prolonged study at different museums; and to discuss the latter, specific training and knowledge were demanded, which the author does not possess.

The following monograph does not claim to be a comparative study, but simply as intensive an investigation as the time spent allowed, of an unusually interesting tribe, made under exceptionally propitious conditions. It is principally the raw material that is presented here. Throughout the work, the Indian has been allowed to tell the facts in his own way. For that reason no attempt has been made to change the English, except when it was ungrammatical or unintelligible. This will explain the simple and at times poor English of the accounts.

The work ends rather abruptly because the section on mythology and the general conclusion have been reserved for special treatment.

In conclusion, the author wishes to thank all those Winnebago who helped him since he first came among them. In particular does

[P. 46 is blank]

4:Smith N-5 (1928) 1929 NP12 Winnebago NP12

177 539 795 —Amen. For the sake of those who think all Indians speak alike, we append in a footnote the Lord's Prayer in Menomini."

194 [912] The Winnebago have a syllabary which all of them use in writing. It is an arbitrary system and has nothing to do with the ethnologist's way of recording their sounds. It was thus set down by Fred Mallory The first letter always has the sound of a as in arm and the pronunciation of the first line would be ha, he, hi, ho.

A	ae	ai	ao		k	ke	ki	ko	
w	we	wi	wo		a	e	i	o	
m	me	mi	mo		l	le	li	lo	
n	ne	ni	no		t	te	ti	to	(explosive)
l	le	li	lo	(ja)	tt	tte	tti	tto	(cha chay chi cho)
y	ye	yi	yo	(ga)					
r	reke	reki	roko	(ska ske ski sko)					
s	se	si	so						
h	he	hi	ho						
g	ge	gi	go						

Indian syllabaries are interesting but of no ethnological value.

539 575 756 Fred Mallory's wife was initiated into the medicine lodge when she was thirteen years old, but since both are now peyote followers, they said there is nothing wrong in their telling the writer about their early history. Their story is as follows: In the early days, there were two brothers, Konuga, the eldest, and Henaka. (These names still apply to the order of birth,—the third son is *Hagaga*, and the fourth, *Nahiga*. The same with girls, the first is *Hinuga*, second, *Wihunga*, third, *Hinahega*, fourth, *Hakasiaga*.) The two brothers were at Kilbourn on an island in the Wisconsin River—*Nikusa*. One, Konuga, told the other he saw a spirit in the water and Henaka also saw a spirit, but Konuga saw it first, so it was *his* spirit. It was purple in color and rose from the depths of the water and sank down again. A sort of quarrel developed between them as to whose spirit should be followed, but when Hagaga, the third son entered the argument, they both united against him. Hagaga was as wise as an owl, and knew more than the other

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"*Nechunun kesekak ajpun. Nan la kat kes achjechtaweshton*
"Our Father in heaven who dwells. Let it be honored

kiwichewa. Nan la kat pimikat kitokemewin. Anawechtamon nan la
thy name. Let it come thy kingdom. As the Lord wishes it to

kat eskemakat teja kesekak minik in achkike. Mesearh
be done like heaven so here (on earth) the same. Give us

iechje a kesekak wejakitigaewenun achtanechkin kesegaton. Pamikatatawesch
now as in heaven bread our daily and every day as we live. Forgive us

minin kain nechkechekaon nit pemikittawakichton kain
and those we had angered you, as we forgive those

nechkikiamechton. Pon minin ishinesch kakitzipanichtaser.
that trespassed against us. Lead us not into temptation.

Mishawawesch la mats. Amen.
Take it away from us. Amen."

124 me. But what is more to the point here is that he[1]
[123] wove my presence among the Winnebago just then, into the whole fabric of his life. I was the preordained one who had sensed what was the proper time to come to the Winnebago, and this legend he diligently disseminated among all his relatives and subsequently embodied in certain autobiographical snatches I obtained from him. It was from him that I obtained a short sketch of reminiscences which, short as they were, threw more light on the real Indian than any of the more elaborate things I had collected in the usual external fashion which is the pride of scientific procedure among ethnologists.

[121] It was from the perusal of these "reminiscences" that the idea developed within me of getting a real autobiography, and having heard vaguely of the adventures and tribulations of Crashing Thunder, the younger brother of the family, which seemed to bear all the earmarks of a true rake's progress, I approached him about the matter, to receive a meaningless affirmative reply. For three years he eluded me on one pretext or another until temporary poverty induced him to
● [212] consent to write down in a syllabary now in use among the Winnebago the fascinating tale of his life. I remember very well how worried he was after he had finally consented. After writing the first part he came to me at midnight, in a very nervous condition, saying that he did not care to proceed because what he had to say would not look nice if white people subsequently read it. When his fears were appeased he continued

[1] [i.e., The informant, See P. ix, Cat. 116 --Analyst]

7: Radin E-5 (ca. 1912) 1926 NP12 Winnebago NP12

§28. *Our Prison Life and the Trial*

We were waiting for the spring term of the court. 159* 648
We stayed in prison all winter. I was very tired of it,
but I kept that secret because otherwise the other men
would be likely to make fun of me. Sometimes I really 152
felt like crying, but I acted as though I did not care at
all. I was married at the time I had been imprisoned,
and I hungered to see my wife and was in a terrible
condition, but I told the others that I did not care in
the least. The others were also married, and some of
them showed their lonesomeness markedly. Occa-
sionally one of our wives would visit us. The men said
that I seemed the only one who did not apparently
care. As a matter of fact, of course, I could hardly
stand it, although I kept my condition quite secret. I [212]
only felt better when I wrote a letter to my wife, and
then when she answered I felt very happy.

We used to read one another's letters, and whenever 159* 648
our wives wrote to us, we would tease one another
about the contents.

After a while the spring term of the court arrived,
and we were happy. When the time for our trial came,
however, we were told that our case had been bound
over to the fall term. So we had to stay in prison all
summer. When the fall term came, the case was bound